Jum Edvardi Veron
1710

# TUNBRIDGIALIA:

OR, THE

## Pleasures of *Tunbridge*, &c.

A

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TUNBRIDGIALIA:

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# PLEASURES OF TUNBRIDGE.

A

# POEM.

In *Latin* and *English Heroic* Verse.

1883

*Written by* Peter Causton *Merc. Lond.*

*MOUNT SION:*

Printed and Sold at the End of the *Upper Walk*, at *Tunbridge-Wells*, 1705.

P. C.

## Hydriotis Tunbrigiensibus Philomusis

SALUTEM.

V. Cl. Quam bilem, Deo favente, aquis, lenitatem amissam receperim, Tunbrigiales, gratitudinis ergo, enumerare duxi, data occasione à carmine lapsio ad me apud Fontem bibentem à decessimo vivo C. F. missio, quo vitae à nobis agere rationem exigit. Illa, publicis juris, amicorum sollicitatio fecit. Sed vix prodierant, quin à nobis nonnulli male ferrent aqui claudicarint, quod nefarium tam celebre Mercatum non attigerim: & erant qui me nimii erga Chartas laudatas amoris insimularent, quod, quum alace adulum perfrixerim: culparent alii, quod debitam Deo Pontique gratiam non retulerim: adeo omnibus placere nemini est. His ut contumelis obviam iverim, nova edition, & Deo Pontique gratiam referre, & Mercatum celebrare, & Chartarum adulum damnare necessum habui. Verius ea propter addictos hoc indicant note. Relatam gratiam ☙. Mercatum *. Chartarum adulum †. Haec qualicunque vobis forsan voluptati fuerint: fin minus, Lalem, Votive inflar tabulae, meam, ob lenitatem restitutam, teflabuntur gratitudinem. Valete.

Primo

# *Tunbridgialia.*

PRime Poëtarum, præclarâ gente *Frobocka*
E dite, major *avis*, nobis data vestra fuere
T *unbrigiæ* ad Fontem miranda Poëmata, necnon
R eplerunt vacuam summâ dulcedine mentem:
V erum conanti condigna rependere, non mî
S ufficiunt, ehu! vires: quid enim irrita tardo
C um genio doctrina potest? (non divite venâ
A dversans *Natura* beat; non *Musa* frequenti
U oto solicitata favet; tum mitior adsit
S i nobis, haud digna queam: tamen usque refectus
T anti Fontis aquis iterum tentabo, voluntas
O bscero, quæ desunt, vestra in me suppleat æqua,
N ec malè tornatum contemnat carmen amici.

Quidnam agimus rogitas, quânam sulti arte, jocosi,
Ac hilares tempus consumimus, improba mentem
Num cura invadat, tueamur corpora, dirum
Tristitiæ virus pellamus; quomodo chara
Et domus, & conjux, & nata, & filius absens
Non animum turbent, quæsitaque gaudia rumpant;
Tu tandem fautrix adsis mihi *Musa* canenti,
Desque hæc ut valeam jucundo dicere versu.
Mox ubi grata quies lassos reparaverit artus
Et tristi pulsâ caligine noctis opacæ
Ostentat lucem rubicunda *Aurora*, comamque
Splendentem *Phœbus* referens illuxerit orbi,
Ad Fontem lento gradimur pede; saxa nec ignes
Ostant. procedo tabaco nam fortior hausto.
Confestim advolitat quæ pocula porrigat ultrò
Plena perennis aquæ, quam fons sine munere donat,
Qualem nec *Latium* novit, nec *Græcia* jactat:
Illa beat siccos fœcundâ stirpe parentes,
Deciduumque facit post funera vivere nomen,
Illa domat Febres, & si malè calculus hærens
Renibus aut peni languentia viscera torquet,
Illa fugat, pellit curas, & nubila menti
Discutiens aptat doctis, sacratque *Camœnis*.

Ara

92 Atra (olim) Bilis, Febriumque per intima graſſans
Oſſa cohors, craſſoque obſtrictis ſanguine venis,
Viſcera, cor, ſtomachum invadens arcemque cerebri,
Me exanimem, penè ad *Stygias* detruſerat undas:
Accurunt Medici, feſtinat Pharmacopolæ
Tota Taberna, ruunt, conjunctis viribus acres
In lethale agmen, rident Biliſque Febreſque
Conatus, vanaſque minas, & cedere nolunt:
Genua labant, gelido divulſum membra tremore
Mors properata manet, nec ſpes erat ulla renaſci,
Ni tua Lympha, favente Deo, Fons, fuderat hoſtes,
Morbiſque & leto ereptum ſervârat amicis.
O Fons nulli impar! meritos tibi condere honores
Quis par eſſe queat? tua laus (ſi carmina noſtra
Digna legi fuerint, nec edax aboleverit ætas)
Vivet in æternùm, nullis ignota *Britannis*.]

Hos inter calices, per amænas arboris umbras
Hinc illinc patulos jactantis in aëra crines
Uſque vagor, poſſim ut gelidos tolerare liquores:
Migrâſſe huc jures *Venerem Nymphaſque*, *Brittannas*,
Mirè argentatâ ſplendentes corpora veſte,
Captatum inſolito juveneſque viroſque nitore:
Inceſſus ſtupeas verecundos, corporum honores,
Divinas facies, multo fulgentia colla
Auróque & gemmis, quæ vel dedit *India* dives,
Vel cautus tulit *Afrorum* Mercator ab oris.
Non aliter, *Pa i le* & *Graiis* comitata puellis,
*Tyndaris* ad *Phrygias* fertur ſpatiata carinas.
Dumque vagi circumferimur, vel tibia melos
Grande ſonat, fidibuſve implentur mollibus aures;
Harmonicâ ad chordas reſonante par aëra voce.
Utque Deus faveat, media inter pocula ritè
Sacra Deo facimus; quippe hîc poſuere Sacellum
Nuper Hydropotæ: nec ſpernitur herba tabaccum,
Vertitur in fumum in ſelectis ædibus, arctis
Hauſta tubis, ſtomachi ſedans accenſa tumultus.

Hîc garrire vacat, ſophiæ alter, ſuſtinet alter
Legumque & juris partes, hic relligionis
Bella movet fervens, lepidus quis narrat aniles
Fabellas, alius, quota jam hora eſt? anne meatu

Lympha fluit facili? profluxit copia quanta;
Dic sodes: O te felicem! nonne tabellæ
*Londino* hesternæ quicquam? quas *Gallicus* urbes
*Rex* crebris cepit bellis? quid si arma moveret
Rursus an *Hispanum* & *Belgas* cum *Cæsare* & *Anglis*
Sistere posse putas? nobis, *Hungaria* quidnam?
Christiades-ne *Budâ* potiuntur? quidve *Polonus*
Rerum agit? aut *Venetus*? dic, O bone, nupera quasnam
Tempestas valuit saxis illidere puppes?
Proh dolor! an tantis fera sævit unda ruinis?
Dum fumum & linguas exercent labitur hora.
Sunt quos, inter aquas, fallax excussa fritillo
Alea, & incerti ludens spes anxia lucri,
Heu! perdit, spoliatque paternis turpiter agris:
Sed me à fundivorâ servas Deus altâ *Charybdi*.

* Ipse inter chordas & pocula curo culinæ,
Ne bella indicat venter mihi tristia latrans;
Dantur ad hospitium nam nulla obsonia venum.
Imâ valle jacet prope Fontem longa patenti
Arbore planities circumdata; maxima qua pars
Potantum (dum plectra movent, Lymphasq; ministrant)
Nunc huc, nunc illuc repetitis passibus errant:
Mercibus hic dapibusque forunt, quo vix datur ullum
Lautius, aut æque felix emptore frequenti.
Huc *Rija*, quoque die, scombros, soleasque, scarosque,
Ostreaque, & cancros, conchas, rhombosque salaces,
Piscium & omne genus, quos unda *Britannicâ* nutrit,
Mittit ab Oceano; noctemque diemque fatigans
Ne vel tantillâ lædant putredine gustum.
Gobio, mullus adest, anguilla, & carpio, trutta,
Et perca, innumeras dat enim piscina propinqua, &
Flumina vicinos præterlabentia campos.
Nec lepus, aut porcellus abest, nec alauda, nec anser,
Nec capo, nec perdix, nec versicolor phasianus.
Turdus, anas, passer, gallus, gallina, columbus,
Et quam jam pridem nobis dedit *Africa* tellus,
Nunc sese indigenam clamans, jucunda volucris,
Et variâm omnigenis imitata coloribus *Irim*
*Argivæ Junonis* avis cygnusque juventâ
Laudandus, passim prostant; aviumque cohortes
Clarum triticeæ donant gueis nomen aristæ.

Cœlum iterùm (ut quondam) dices pluviſſe volucres;
Uſque adeò, ſora, pennigerûm crebra agmina denſant.
Quantâ ovis, aſſiduus, vitulique, agnique, boviſque,
Carne onerat lanius, ſole accedente, macellum!
Natas eſcæ herbas, quaſque alma *Britannia* gignit
Fruges, aut ſtomachum quæ condimenta labantem
Reſtituiſſe valent, varioque placere palato,
Seu ſale, ſeu valido condita requiris aceto?
Libum, aut ſcriblitas, aut qualeſcunque placentas,
Deliciaſve cupis? vaſta horum eſt copia, namque
Accola non dubitat confertim adferre colonus.
Zinziber, atque piper, quæque *Indus* aromata uterque
Claſſe, novo Oceano, noſtras dimiſit ad oras,
Affluxere foro, quæ gratum emittere odorem
Tuſa ſolent, ſuavemque cibis præſtare ſaporem.
Mellitæ cannæ quem machina multa liquorem
Exprimit arte novâ (crebrâ fornace recoctum,
Fictilibus teſtis ſiccatum, & fæce ſolutum)
*Barbada* & *Mevis* tulit & longinqua *Jamaica*;
Extortum baccis raro fallentis olivæ
Succum, multiplices uvas ardente refectas
Sole, *Adria*; & flavum *Virginia* flava tabaccum;
*Rhenus*, & *Heſperiæ*, & *Teneriffa* & *Gallia* vinum.
*Londinum* nequeat mage conſuluiſſe culinæ,
Indomitæque gulæ. Vel perditus helluo cœnam
Inſtruere, & lautis aveat laxare ſaginis
Infamem ſtomachum. Non jam maria omnia circum
Solicitè, immenſo quærenda cibaria ſumptu;
Ut fertor quondam feciſſe *Vitellius*, omnem
Qui non erubuit cœnâ peſſundare fiſcum:
Una vel innumeras cumulet *Turbrigia* menſas.
Aurea quis numeret? quis vaſa argentea? veſtes?
Lintea? reſque alias queis preſſa taberna laborat?
(Nam fora continuis ſtant circumcepta tabernis:)
Annua vix plures jactet *Sturbrigia* merces.]
Abſorptis de more ſcyphis, dapibuſque coemptis,
Lentus ad hoſpitium redeo; hîc plerumque tabaccum
Otia odoriſero fallit bene grata ſapore;
Prandia poſt paulò ſtomachus ſibi debita poſcit:
Tum vitulus, porcellus, avis, piſciſve, lepuſve
Languentes renovant vires, pingueſve bidentes:
Prandia lætificant vinum, convivia, jocuſque:
Sublatis properat quiſque ad nova gaudia menſis.

Si luſus cordi eſt, in promptu eſt ludere, ſiſtunt
Lignea mox ſimulachra novem, ſtant, ordine, terna,
Agmine quadrato, magno conamine certant
Quis globulo valeat ſubvertere plura rotando.

Eſt locus in ſummo *Ruſtballi* vertice montis
Aggere vallatus quadro, quem ceſpite multo
Undique congeſto planum fecere coloni ;
Suntque alii ſimiles, ludis globuliſque dicati.
Lege aliâ mos eſt globulos hîc volvere, parvus
Projicitur primò, luſuris meta futurus,
Alea diſtinguit partes, tum quiſque duobus
Ad libitum electis, contendunt, poplite flexo,
Sæpius & propius quis metam accedere poſſit ;
Tu nimis, haud ſatis ille fugit, tu parte ſiniſtrâ,
Erras tu dextrâ, ſed, Io ! tu, mi bone, metam
Percutis, en ! ipſam ; quàm quàm bene dirigis ; Io !
Non de baliſtâ nitrato pulvere jacta
Glans, non de *Phrygio* volitaverit aptius arcu,
Ad quencunque ſcopum ſibi propoſuêre ſagitta.

Ludicræ alliciunt Chartæ magis ? en tibi præſtò
Reges procedunt quatuor, totidem agmina multis
Denſa viris ; acies magno molimine pugnæ
Undique in arma ruunt ; dubiis victoria pennis
Inter eas volitans, tandem, ſine vulnere, palmam
Nunce his nunc illis concedit partibus æqua.

† Sed cave ne inſano ludi capiaris amore :
Mille modis variant acies, mille artibus inter
Seſe belligerant miſeri, noctemque diei
Addunt, & diris ſuperos maneſque laceſſunt,
Quum ſemel è Chartis lucri immoderata cupido
Faſcinat, heu ! mentis ; dum nummos, prædia, merces,
Ædeſque, ac animas malefido ingurgitat ore,
Non Quod ut illicitum damnem, modó nuda voluptas
Quæratur, tantùmque animum relevare cadentem ;
Si longe aufugiat nummi inſatiabilis ardor,
Et tempus timeas nimio diſperdere ludo,
Tempus non auro aut ullis reparabile gemmis]



Sup

Sunt quibus unum opus eſt curas depellere ludo
Qui *Cheſs* vulgo auditas, deſcenditur ocyus armis
In campum infeſtis pictum, Rex albus & ater
Quiſque acies ſimiles ſibi ducunt : Uxor utriſque
Hæret Regi quæque ſuo ; comitantur utraſque
Bini equites, duplex elephas, & Epiſcopus unus
Ac alter, peditis bis quatuor ; impigri utrimque
Reges ſervare, aut triſti ſuccumbere fato
Jamque dato ſigno concurrunt agmina bina,
Hinc atque hinc multæ clades, ſtudet agmen utrumque
Captare oppoſitum Regem, palmamque referre.
Nam quamvis adverſa acies graſſetur, & hoſtes
Multâ cæde fuget campo, niſi callida Regem
Hoſtilem capiat, nullum feret inde Triumphum ;
Quippe (hoc lex ludi antiqui luſoria poſcit)
Non niſi captivo paritur victoria Rege.

Sin *Muſa* arridet, profert ſua carmina *Flaccus*
Divino laudanda ſtilo, ſeu quæris amoris
Secretos penetrare dolos, formare Poëtam
Seu placet aut gradier directo tramite, lætâ
Virtutis laudiſque viâ, quâ *Romulus* ingens,
Qua *Janus*, *Bacchuſque* pater conſcendere ſedes
Ætherias valuêre, & magna palatia Divûm ;
Seu cupis inſulſos ſecli perſtringere mores :
Dogmata ſeu veterum gaudes haurire ſophorum.

Viſne animam ſacrare Deo ? tibi Biblia Sacra
Pandentur, ſanam quæ reddant corpore mentem ;
Perdiſcas illic, ut captus imagine veri
Primus quivet homo culpâ vitiare nepotis,
Et morti humanam æternæ ſubmittere gentem ;
Morte ſuâ ut *Chriſtus Satanæ* exſtirpârit amarum
Imperium, & mortis ſtimulos hebetaverit, ut non
Chriſticolas lædant veros ; hinc gratia ſummi
Admiranda Dei manans, diri agmini vaſta
Peccati fundit, cœli nos arcibus altis
Figit, & amiſſam dat perpetuatque ſalutem.
Illinc noſſe queas, laqueo irretire dolosos
Ut valeat, populoſque unco frænare rebelles,



Ne

Ne quando electam possint evertere gentem ;
Gloria quò Nomenque Dei clarescat in horas.

Adveniat nobis olim dilectus amicus,
Multa statim produnt generosi vascula vini :
Sume puer cyathos puroque repleto falerno,
Charus amicus adest, juvat evacuasse, precantes
Regis, Reginæ, Procerum, nostramque salutem.
Quo, quò, *Bacche* rapis ? quid non tua munera cogunt ?
Tu rixas, tu lætitiam, tu promis amores,
Post te nec carcer, nec mors, nec squalida terret
Paupertas, possunt nec curæ avertere somnum.

Sol medium emensus cursum sensimque recedens
Hortetur campos, abeunte calore, petendos :
Nunc equitare lubet, nunc parvum forte pedestre
Carpere iter, varios vel in hortis nectere flores :
Cantus avis tremulus sylvis, vel aperta locorum
Delectant, vel ferre pedes qua retiâ tendit
Venator lepori, vel quâ bene, callidus auceps
Insidius avibus struxit : nunc prælia sævi
Accipitris spectanda vocant ; ille aëra circum
Intrepidè purum volitans, aquæ ima tumescens
Irâ corda truci, fugientes præpete penna
Infectatur aves, & prono corpore terræ
Unguibus infigit laceris, rostroque tenaci :
Sic densum par ovile rapacibus unguibus atrox
Innocuas leo mactat oves : nunc tendimus altas
Ad ripas, longâ meditamur arundine pisces
Injecto eduxisse hamo, retive latentes.
Nunc tenues properamus apes lustrare, labore
Magno ponentes sua tecta, alvearibus aptis,
Cerea, quæ post melle onerent : hinc avocat ardens
Latrantum clamor, qui sidera summa boatu
Concurit altisono ; ruit ingens agmine facto
Turba canum, lætis venantum hortatibus acta,
Seu leporem, cervumve, cavis, vulpemve dolosam
Sedibus excutiant, aut hi per & invia saxa,
Per montes pede veloci valleisque feruntur,
Et cursu certant hostes superare feroces.
Abscondit tectis hîc gramina sicca colonus,

Illic fructiferam perfringit vomere terram,
Semen ut inspergat latè : nunc robora cædunt
*Londinum* portanda viri, quibus ardua tantæ
Tecta urbis condant, aut æquora classibus ornent.

Nec perit ulla dies, quin, accrescentibus umbris,
Pulchra puellarum pueris immixta caterva,
(Undique spectantum Procerum cingente coronâ,)
Alterno terram quatiant pede ; dum fide doctâ
Ad normam motus coguntur, vel super altum
*Rustballi* montem, vel quâ clarissima villa
Australem aspiciens solem tua sylvula frondet ;
Vel quâ *Bickerstaffe*, arbor tua plurima ferro
Eruta planitiemque & tecta recentia præbet.
Sic *Hæmo* in celso, *Pindique* in vertice, plectro
Virgineos agitasse choros blandum *Orphea* narrant.

Tandem grata quies quæ corpora fessa vagando
Instauret petitur tum rhonciſſare paratum
Me placidis immergo toris, somnoque sepultum
Læta quies recreat : quum verò crastina nobis
*Aurora* attulerit lucem, non ulla laborum
Tædia menti hærent ; iterumque iterumque peractis
Fallimus, eu ! tempus fugiens ; curisque peculî
Proscriptis, hilarem conamur vivere vitam.
Sic variis animum studiis *Tumbrigia* mulcet,
Ut vix absentes possim legere *Penates*.

Sed quò *Musa* trahis ? nonne audis murmure quanto
Vatum turba fremant operam quid sumis inanem ?
Quin potius properè ad merces, ad rem faciendam
Mercatorem abigas, audacem Sacra profanâ
Pieridum temerare manu, nullis adeunda
Quàm quibus indulgens *Naturæ* & fatuor *Apollo*
Doctorum adscriptis albo, dedit esse poëtas :
Tolle moras, longúmque, *Frobock* die, vive, valeque.

# *The Pleasures of* Tunbridge.

THou best of Poets, and thou best of Friends,
Best of that List which thy great Race commends,
By *Tunbridge* noble Spring, much pleas'd, I lay,
At Truce with Care passing the Summers Day,
When the Rich Present came in shining Verse;
Ye Gods! how shall I half my Joy rehearse?
I once was thinking to return the same
In Lines that might express an equal Flame;
I try'd in vain; my long-neglected Muse,
Like Women past their Childing, did refuse,
And cou'd not, to my Mind, one Hint produce:
For I was ne'er you know, my Friend, at best,
With a Rich Vein by peevish Nature blest;
I made my Court to the coy Nymphs in vain,
And blest the Bards that cou'd their Loves obtain.
Howe'er, at call of Friendship's Sacred Name,
The faint Remains of my decaying Flame
Exalt their Head, ambitious now to try
One Blaze, before they quite extinguish'd dye.
May your good Humour overlook Mistakes,
And pardon all the Faults which Friendship makes:
This Fountain then shall the fam'd Spring out-do,
And *Tunbridge* for *Castalian* Waters go.
You fain would know how we employ the day,
Which of it self makes too much haste away?
What Arts we use to keep our Grief and Care,
(Those Flies which in our Cup still bold Intruders are)
With what Receipts and Helps prepar'd we come
To lose the thought of Families at Home.
Assist me, gentle Muse, to answer these,
In Lines that may my self and others please.

Refresh'd with sleep, which Nature's loss repairs,
Soon as the day on the streak'd Hills appears,
Up with the Sun we mount and travel, We
To the fam'd Spring, he to the Western Sea.

In Tobacco

Tobacco makes the Journey ſtrangely ſlide,
Ever the beſt Companion walk or ride.
Having now reach'd the Spring, a Country Laſs
Stands ready to preſent you with a Glaſs:
Such Water tho' nor *Rome* nor *Greece* can ſhow,
Tho' here the Poets boaſted Spring does flow;
Impregnate with ſuch Vertues it does come,
As to add Heat to the cold barren Womb.
To an expiring Houſe it gives an Heir,
And wretched helpleſs Women here repair,
Who joyful Mothers prove within the Year.
It cures the raging Fever's Calenture,
And keeps that Purple Flood from running o'er.
The ſad Siſyphian Task, the Stone which ſtill
Rowls back again, and mocks the Artiſt's Skill;
It carries off with far leſs Pains and Coſt,
Than *Hannibal* with his Quack Arts could boaſt:
It ſteeps your Cares beyond the Power of Wine,
And does the Brain for thinking fit refine:
Clouds of the Head, like thoſe above we find,
Diſſolv'd in Water, both are at an end.

An ugly numerous Rout of Feveriſh Pains,
Had ſeiz'd at once my Liver, Heart and Veins,
And made ſuch fierce and quick Attacks, that I,
Juſt on ſurrendring, thought I now muſt die.
I ſought the Sons of Art, who try'd in vain
To raiſe the Siege, and force the preſſing Pain.
Whatever Vertues Herbs and Drugs can boaſt,
They found, alas, on me were meerly loſt.
The proud Diſeaſe became more rampant ſtill,
And laugh'd at all their baffled Art and Skill.
'Twas here I found Eaſe for my mighty Grief,
And where Art fail'd, kind Nature gave Relief;
This Fountain prov'd to me a *Well of Life.*
Bleſt Spring! what Praiſe and Honour can we give,
Worthy the Favours we from Thee receive?
Thy laſting Name (if Time's Impartial Hand
But ſpare theſe Lines) in Poetry ſhall ſtand,
And round the Learned World ſhall largely ſpread,
With the fam'd Springs of Old together read.

In the mean time after we've drunk a Glaſs
Or two, to make the Waters better paſs,
We take a Turn i' th' Walks———
Here in ſuch Crouds the Ladies paſs, you'd ſwear
The *Cyprian* Goddeſs and her Nymphs were there:
Hung round with all the Riches that the *Eaſt*
Or *Weſt* ſends here, brisk, jantee and well dreſt;
With what a Mien and Charming Air they move,
Creating Wonder, and inſpiring Love!
Such was the beautious *Helen*'s ſhining Train,
When ſhe was courted by the *Phrygian* Swain.
And all the while, to entertain the Ear,
Muſick and Voices mixt, their parts do bear.
Next for the Chapel, by the Fountain rais'd,
Where its great Author is devoutly prais'd:
And after Prayers, a Pipe can do no harm,
In drinking, good to keep the Stomach warm;
For this Deſign appointed Places are,
Leſt Smoaking on the Walks offend the Fair.
And now we ſit, after a careleſs rate,
Over a Diſh of Tea, and fall to Chat:
Here one forſooth plays the Philoſopher
Upon the Wells, deſcribes the ſecret Power
Of *Spaws* and Mineral Waters how they come,
With Steel impregnate, thro' the Earth's cold Womb;
Whence ſprings their Force, that they ſo nearly can
Make clean this foul *Augean* Stable, Man;
How firſt found out, and when the Mode began.
Another turns the Talk to *Weſtminſter*,
And asks how Matters paſs'd laſt Term at Bar;
What Judges likely are to riſe or fall,
What Lawyers hang the beſt, and who the beſt can bawl.
Warmly, a third takes up Religion's Cauſe,
Gravely debates the *Teſt* and *Penal Laws*.
Another tells a Tale, or breaks a Jeſt,
Enquires the Hour, or what comes uppermoſt;
How do your Waters paſs? O bravely Sir,
What *News* from *London*? how do Things ſtand there?
I hear Sir *John*—— is likely to be Mayor
Are the Particulars yet come by Poſt,
What Priſoners ta'en, how many Men were loſt
On the *Turks* ſide, and what the Victory coſt?

What, are the *Pole* and *Muſcovite* aſleep,
Idely to let ſuch fair Occaſions ſlip?
How do the *India* Actions riſe? what Ships
On the Plate-Expedition go with *Phipps*?
Follow'd by all the forward Youth of *Greece*,
Thus *Jaſon* brought in Triumph home the Golden Fleece:
But what before was meer Romance and Lye,
Shall henceforth paſs for current Hiſtory.
This and Tobacco paſs the time away;
Others there are that rather fancy Play:
But me from Play, my better Stars preſerve,
The fatal Box devouring as the Grave;
Into *Charybdis* Mouth as ſoon I'd fly,
As venture my Eſtate upon a Die.
Having by this time fed the Eye and Ear,
Next for the Belly is our greateſt care:
There's nothing at our Lodgings to be got,
Here we muſt cater both for Spit and Pot.
Cloſe by the Wells, upon a ſpacious Plain,
(Where Rows of Trees make a delightful Lane)
A noble Market's daily kept, well ſtor'd
Which all the Countries round about afford.
Freſh Fiſh a Neighbouring River does ſupply;
Soals, Oyſters, and the like, are brought from *Rye*,
Of Fleſh and Fowl, no where more plenty's found,
In Veal, Lamb, Pork, and Beef, we much abound;
And *Tunbridge* Mutton, fam'd above the reſt.
Of Fowl we have good ſtore, and of the beſt;
As well cram'd *Chickens*, *Pigeons*, *Ducks* and *Geeſe*,
With *Teal* and *Partridge*, nicer Taſts to pleaſe;
The *Swan* and *Peacock* you may add to theſe,
On which tho' we but ſmall Eſteem do place,
The latter did an * Emperors Table grace. (*Vitellius*.
In ſhort then, not to ſwell the Bill of Fare,
St. *Peters* Sheet, and *Noah's* Ark are here;
Whatever kinds the *Britiſh World* does ſee
Of Beaſts, Fiſh, Fowl, that go, or ſwim, or flie;
Fruits, Spice, and *Indian* Pepper too we boaſt,
That here we hardly fancy *Bantam* loſt;
Sugar from *Mevis* and *Barbadoes* brought,
By wondrous Art to ſuch Perfection wrought;

*Italy* ſends us Oyl, *Virginia* Smoak,
A better ſort *J*——*rys* never took.
And after all, to Crown the Work, the *Rhine*,
*France*, *Florence*, the *Canaries* find us Wine.
*London*, that noble Mart, can't furniſh more,
*London*, for choice, compar'd with us, is poor.
Were that * Imperial Glutton now at hand (*Vitellius.*
Who a Year's Tax would at one Supper ſpend,
Who made each Land, and every diſtant Sea,
Club to maintain his raving Luxury,
On eaſier Terms he here ſupply'd might be.
This for the Belly, and for other Ware
Of every ſort we challenge *Sturbridge*-Fair.
Having now drunk our Mornings Doſe, and Cheer
Provided, homewards we directly ſteer.
After a whiff of the fam'd Indian Weed,
By way of whet to Dinner we proceed;
Tho, betwixt Friends, we ſeldom need a whet,
Or any Arts, to raiſe the Appetite:
'Tis the freſh Earth that makes the Plow-Man feed,
Water in us does the ſame ſharpneſs breed.
Now with a Friend, a Jeſt, and cheering Glaſs
Of bleſt *Bourdeaux*, how glibly Victuals paſs!
The Camp once victuall'd, then the Sport begins,
Whether your Fancy leads to Bowls or Pins.
Here's choice of Bowling places to be ſeen,
But *Ruſthall* is by much the fineſt Green;
All curious Carpet-ground: You know the Play,
One with the Jack, a ſmall Bowl leads the way:
By throwing of a Dice who firſt muſt go,
And who and who's together, ſtrait we know.
Come, pray Sir, bowl away, this Grounds your Guide;
That Caſt is narrow, this as much too wide:
Not home! for want of Strength your Caſt you ſpoil;
Oh rub a thouſand, now you're gone a Mile.
Here's three; to make us up, one more we lack;
Thank ye for that, dear Sir, you kiſs the Jack.
The fineſt Archer's Bow, or Fowler's Piece,
As ſoon may fail, as a good Bowler miſs.
Are you for Cards? here you may find enow
Diſpos'd for Cribbidge, Gleek, or Lantre lieu,

A Game at Cards, a perfect Fight, you'd swear,
Maintain'd with all the Stratagems of War:
Here's Ambuscading, Routing, Rallying Men,
And every thing but Wounds and Dying seen.
After a long Dispute, with restless Pains,
One side besure a bloodless Victory gains.
But if my Counsel in the case might sway,
Beware how you become a Slave to Play.
Some sit whole Nights together at the Sport,
For which their Families and Lands must smart:
Not that I blame any that undertake
It more for Pleasure, than for Lucre sake;
But playing deep, and squandring so much time,
Is that in Carding I account a Crime.
If this don't please, we have another Game
Call'd Chess, at which the Gentry pass their time.
Into the chequer'd Field two Kings descend,
On each a Queen and Bishops two attend;
On either side two Knights their Post maintain,
Two Rooks and Pawns twice four compleat the Train.
The Signal given, both the Armies join
To take the Adverse King, the chief Design:
For this both sides in furious Charges meet,
Proud of a Death before their Sov'reigns Feet;
This is a Law peculiar to the Play,
The King must first be took, before you win the Day.
Are you dispos'd to read a Poet, then
Our old Acquaintance *Horace* is the Man;
He'll please, which way soe'er your Humour lean;
Does it to Mirth and Gallantry incline,
His charming Odes are full of Love and Wine.
He can be grave, not only please, but teach,
As well as any *Grecian* Master Preach.
His Rules of Poetry the means impart
How the best Genius may be help'd by Art.
Here you may learn correctly how to Write,
To a true edge your Stile and Judgment set.
His Satyr, form'd above the common size,
Lays Railing by, and Jeers you out of Vice.
But if your Thoughts are more devoutly set,
Than for a Page or two in Sacred Writ,

This little Book does at one view contain
What *Grecian* Sages blindly ſought in vain,
The World's Creation, and the Fall of Man;
And how the Tincture of his Sin could be
Deriv'd on his Unborn Poſterity:
How he entail'd a double Death on Man;
Whence Phyſick and Divinity began:
How after ſeveral rowling Periods paſt,
With an Incarnate God the World was bleſt,
Who to poor Man, Bowels of Mercy bore,
And Death diſarm'd of all its Sting and Power;
Redeem'd the captive Wretch from Sin and Hell,
And plac'd him higher than whence at firſt he fell:
Remov'd his Seat from Earth to Heaven, with Power
Of never ſinning never falling more.
With watchful Providence our gracious Lord,
From Foes of every ſort, his Church does guard.
Heav'n ha'nt indeed thought fit that we ſhou'd be
From Sin, much leſs from Error, wholly free,
Leſt we, on diſappearance of a Foe,
Throw by our Arms, careleſs of Danger grow,
Thus vanquiſh'd *Carthage* 'twas thought fit to ſpare,
To keep *Rome*'s Martial Spirits ſtill in fear.
But if a Friend comes in, the Book's thrown by;
A Bottle better ſuits in Company.
Boy, reach that Flask here: Come Sir, if you pleaſe
Here's to the King, and both the Princeſſes.
Another Health to the Eſtabliſh'd Church;
Hang him who does that or his Liquor lurch.
Bleſs me! it warms, I feel the potent Juice
Its winged fires thro' every Vein diffuſe.
What Magick in the Grape, what Charms in Wine,
That to ſuch various Humours Men incline!
Pander to Luſt, Midwife to Mirth and Wit,
Thou mak'ſt old Friends fall out, and Cowards fight.
The Captive full of Thee, forgets his Chains;
With Thee the Beggar flush't, in Fancy reigns.
The *Dutch* at Sea, Death in the Face will ſtare,
Their Senſes ſteept in *Nants* and Gun-powder.
The Sun by this a good way on his Road,
The cool and lengthned Shades invite abroad.

Whether we ride or walk, through Woods or Plains,
The winged Choir divert us with their ſtrains.
Here Sights, to Citts unknown, the time beguile
Viewing the various kinds of Rural Toil:
For one's a Haying, with unwearied Pains,
Amidſt a jolly crew of Sun-burnt Swains:
Another plies the Plow for Grain and Food;
Some diſtance off a third's a felling Wood:
The pretty painful Bee, by Nature bleſt;
With foreſight, is as buſie as the beſt;
Along the Fields in bands they take their flight,
Returning home laden with Spoils at night.
Here's one i' th' School of Patience thro'ly try'd,
Thoughtfully Angling by a River ſide;
After ſix tedious hours, loſe or get,
He ſtill keeps on, half ſtarv'd and thorough wet.
Fiſhing he'll tell you, is its own Reward;
Give him but Bites, Fiſh is his leaſt regard.
But now a Pack of Dogs alarms our Ears,
Muſick, that Hunters ſay, exceeds the Spheres;
O'er Hill and Dale, with full mouth'd Cry they run,
To the known ſound of Hollow or of Horn.
And Deer no ſafety in their Coverts find,
And *Reynolds* ſtands to rights before the Wind.
As for the timerous Hare, away ſhe flings
Before the Dogs, 'twas fear firſt gave her VVings.
From this Diverſion ſtrait we're call'd aſide
To view the ſoaring Hawk's delightful Pride,
How thro' that Sea of Air the Bird of Prey,
With Wings, inſtead of Sails, divides his way:
The leſſer Birds clap on more ſail, and fly;
It looks juſt like a running Fight at Sea.
At this mean Prize, he makes his humble ſtoop,
Like *Algerine* at ſome poor Pink or Sloop.
Beſides all this, to cloſe the lovely Scene,
Each Night there's conſtant Dancing on the Green:
Perſons of higheſt Rank ſtick round the Ring,
Luſtre and Grace to the Diverſion bring:
While Lads and Laſſes forth in pairs advance,
Muſick keeps time to the well-meaſur'd Dance.
Not finer Virgins flock'd to thoſe feign'd Games,
When *Rome*'s bold Youth ſo roughly woo'd the *Sabian* Dames.

Tir'd

Tir'd, but not cloy'd, with this and ſuch like Sport,
Home to our Reſt and Lodgings we reſort;
And here we lie free from the diſmal noiſe
Of Coaches, Midnight Fires, and Bell-man's Voice:
Here we in ſafe ſecurity are bleſt,
And nought but Conſcience to diſturb our Reſt.
Refreſh'd with ſleep, next Morn away we rig,
Nothing remains of Yeſterday's Fatigue.
Thus, Friend, from Grief and Care, we purge our Head,
In ſuch a conſtant round of Pleaſures tread,
That *Mecca*'s Prophet, in his Paradiſe,
Has hardly paſt his Word for more than this.
But Oh, my Muſe, Oh whither wilt thou lead?
Forbear, 'tis hallow'd Ground on which we tread.
Methinks I hear the Poets of the Town
Thus Schooling me with a cenſorious Frown:
Free of the *Hamburgh* or the *Guinea* Trade,
You ought not yet the Poets Rights invade;
Whoſe jealous Company no more allows
Of Interlopers, than the *India* Houſe.
The *Toleration* Tradeſmen may admit
For the high Calling of a Preacher fit;
But Poetry no gifted Brother knows,
Who from a Merchant ſtrait an Upſtart Author grows.
Go home, fond Man, and mind a better Game
Than trading thus to the wild Coaſts of Fame;
Go, count your Caſh, your Merchandize purſue,
At once bid Poetry and Friends adieu.

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FINIS.

Tir'd, but not cloy'd, with this and such like Sport,
Home to our Rest and Lodgings we resort;
And here we lie free from the diurnal noise
Of Coaches, Midnight Fires, and Bell-man's Voice:
Here we in safe security are blest,
And nought but Conscience to disturb our Rest.
Refresh'd with Sleep, next Morn away we trip,
Nothing remains of Yesterday's Fatigue.
Thus, Friend, from Grief and Care, we purge our Head,
In such a constant round of Pleasures tread,
That Mecca's Prophet, in his Paradise,
Has hardly paid his Word for more than this.
But Oh, my Muse, Oh whither wilt thou lead?
Forbear, 'tis hallow'd Ground on which we tread.
Methinks I hear the Poets of the Town
Thus Schooling me with a contentious Frown:
Free of the Hawkers or the Gowns Trade,
You ought not yet the Poets Rights invade;
While jealous Company no more allows
Of Interlopers, than the Indian Hous.
The Talentin Tradesmen may admit
For the high Calling of a Preacher fit;
But Poetry no gifted Brother knows,
Whoe'rom a Merchant flair an Vpstart Author grows.
Go home, found Man, and find a better Game
Than trading thus to the wild Coasts of Fame;
Go, count your Calls, your Merchandize pursue,
At once bid Poetry and Friends adieu.

BRITISH MUSEUM 22FEB87

FINIS.